

# Weekly National Intelligencer.

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## THE WEEKLY NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.

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## NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.

### FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

PARIS, OCTOBER 14, 1850.

The grand review of Versailles last Thursday, its incidents, and two animated sittings of the Legislative Committee of Twenty-five, furnish the little that is of interest in the French news by this mail. Notwithstanding the general severe strictures of the press, the indirect censure of the Commission of Twenty-five, and the consequent pledge on the part of the Minister of War that orders should be given to suppress on the 10th all political demonstrations by the soldiery, it is true the incidents of that review are of most significant import. They give, perhaps, clearer indications than any we have yet had of the dispositions of the Government and its chief. It is now impossible for the blindest not to see, for the most incredulous to doubt, the tendency and the intent of these reviews. It is the re-establishment of the Empire. It would seem that, according to promise, orders were given that the troops should abstain from all shouts when executing the *défilé*. The order was obeyed by the infantry; they all passed in front of the President in close impressive array, and in silence as impressive. Just before the cavalry was put in motion, an aide-de-camp of the President, Col. Ney, was seen to leave the Presidential *loge* and gallop toward them, and confer a moment with the officers. He bore from the President an intimation that he would be gratified if the orders imposing silence upon the soldiers were less strictly observed upon the passage of the squadrons. "Are you the bearer of an order?" asked one of the colonels. "No, simply of an intimation and invitation," was the reply. "I shall regard the invitation as not given," said the colonel; "the discipline of my regiment is a sacred deposit, and shall be transmitted to my successor intact." Other officers, however, were less rigid. Most of the squadrons rushed past the President, waving their swords and making the welkin ring with their shouts. Not a cry of "Vive la République!" was heard. Two or three passed silently. Most of the squadrons shouted "Vive Napoleon!" some "Vive le Président!" and from some half-dozen rose shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" Two or three regiments were particularly distinguished by the *ensemble* and fervor with which this seditious and unconstitutional cry was uttered. It was remarked that in every instance it was the officers who gave the signal. One noted by every one for the zeal with which he uttered this cry was the object of marked favor at the Elysée the same evening.

The Commission of Twenty-five sat the next day. These facts were the subject of animated conversation and censure. Many of the members had been present at the review and witnessed them. A committee was nominated to draw up a report of the facts, to be presented to the Assembly at its meeting. At an extra meeting the next day (Saturday) the report was read and adopted. It had been agreed that the proceedings of the commission should be kept secret; but it has been found impossible to enforce the rule. Nobody doubts (even the *Débats* publishes them as probably authentic) that correct statements as to the proceedings have leaked out. Ministers are distinctly blamed for having permitted in their very presence these unconstitutional cries, and for suffering the authors to remain unpunished, especially in view of the formal promises made previous to the review. Numerous are the instances in which severe punishment has been inflicted upon soldiers for uttering the cry of "Vive la République démocratique et sociale!" and nothing is more certain than that this last cry would all over France subject any one, whether of the military profession or in civil life, to immediate arrest and punishment. Yet it is perfectly clear that this last cry is not one which would be seditious and unconstitutional than *Vive l'Empereur!*

The late action of the Commission of Twenty-five is considered as the sure forerunner of collision between the Executive and Legislative authorities, to occur soon after the meeting of the Assembly. Things have proceeded to such a length in Hesse Cassel that in the course of a week I shall have to report to you either the raging of a war between Austria and Prussia, or, as predicted in a late letter, a forced settlement of the question, in order to more vital interests which dictate the alliance of the two chief German Powers.

The famous Artesian well at Kissenegg in Bavaria, commenced eighteen years ago, and which it was feared would have to be abandoned as a failure, has just given the most satisfactory results. This town is located in a saline valley, one hundred and eighty-four feet above the level of the Baltic sea. Last June the boring had reached a depth of eighteen hundred and thirty-seven feet, and several layers of salt, separated by strata of granite, had been traversed, when carbonic acid gas followed again by granite, was found. Finally, on the 12th instant, at a depth of two thousand and sixty-seven feet, perseverance was rewarded by complete success. A violent explosion burst away the scaffolding built to facilitate the operations, and a column of water four and a half inches in diameter spouted forth to the height of ninety-eight feet above the surface. The water—clear as crystal—is of a temperature of sixty-six Fahrenheit, and is abundantly charged with salt. It is calculated that the annual product will be upwards of 6,600,000 lbs. per annum, increasing the royal revenues by 300,000 florins, after deducting all expenses.

The official journal of Rome contains decrees of the Sacred College of Worship touching the canonization of two new saints. One declares that the virtues and the miracles attributed to the venerable servant of God, Marie-Anne de Paredes, having been proved, it is expedient to pronounce her beatification. The *Advocate of the Devil*, whose office it is to contest the qualifications of the candidate proposed for this first degree of sainthood, displayed extraordinary astuteness and malignity. He seemed, in fact, to be the very Evil One in person; but all in vain—the arguments and proofs of the miracles performed at her tomb were irrefragable and irresistible. Marie-Anne is beatified, and will in due season receive the saint's crown in perfect canonization. A second decree announces that the virtues of the venerable servant of God, Sister Ange, Marie Astorch, having been also proved, it is ordered that

the discussion shall be opened upon the three miracles which are ascribed to her.

Letters from Rome show that the attention of the Pope is thoroughly called to the progress which Roman Catholicism seems to be making at the expense of the Church of England. The newly-created Cardinal Wiseman is the object of marked attention and favor at Rome. His Holiness has erected a metropolitan church, over which the new Cardinal presides, with the title of Archbishop of Westminster. This is considered a bold and important stroke, the Irish Catholic bishops alone having hitherto been permitted to assume the name of the church over which they severally rule. The Pope has also moved to immediate service upon his person Mgr. Talbot, a member of one of the first English families. Several young Englishmen, graduates of Oxford, have recently repaired to Rome to enter into holy orders.

## LITERARY.

### "The Lone Dove: A Legend of Revolutionary Times."—By a Lady.

It is no easy matter in these latter days—when human character and every page of olden history has been ransacked to furnish novelty for unwearied mines of interest to tickle the palates of the public—to write a historical novel worthy of the attention of the better order of general readers who choose to solace themselves with fiction, (if this be a proper name for that species of composition which amplifies and illustrates the truth.) This difficulty is a hundred-fold increased when the subject selected by the author imposes, as it were, the necessity of imitations, which is apt to fix attention on the external graces of composition in a degree unfavorable to the attainment of true excellence. The study of models has a constant tendency to lead us away from nature in the cultivation of art, and filling the mind with examples of the grand or beautiful, so as to overpower it with precedents, to make genuine feeling at length give way to conventional ideas. It is no wonder, therefore, that we so often run into all the errors of artificial habits. When the savage thinks of setting himself off he tattoos his body or paints it in various patterns; he bores holes in his nose and lips, wherein he sticks pegs, or buttons, if he can procure them; he files his teeth to a point or staves them black; he beplasters his head with clay or grease till it seems to attain an unnatural magnitude; and, finally, he loads his arms and legs with metal rings. Thus arrayed, he fancies that his looks are more terrible or more attractive; and it would be no easy matter to convince him that he has not succeeded in heightening the elegance and symmetry bestowed by nature on the human form. So it is in matters of literary taste; the love of embellishment soon grows into a vice which reaches the understanding and corrupts every perception; while those who strain after the praise of originality or of rich fancy, who torture phrases and know no difference between ideas and their verbal signs, can never be brought to perceive that the best style is that which attracts least attention, and which, like a pure atmosphere, transmitting and not intercepting the light, shows all objects distinctly, while it remains itself invisible.

The foregoing remarks suggested themselves after a careful, and, we may add, deliberate perusal of the very interesting volume now under consideration, which, although not rising to the dignity and importance of an historical novel, is yet a most felicitous attempt to link historical characters and historical events with the creations of an imaginative and somewhat metaphysically attuned mind. We have several reasons for noticing this work as something; it is creditable as a performance and brilliant as a promise. There is a force and daring about some parts of it which stamp it as the production of no ordinary pen. It combines vast profundity of thought, a rich profusion of imagery, a lofty display of sentiment, a flexibility and tenderness, with a nervous energy of description, to be found only in the higher productions of modern genius. The extreme depths of human affections and human sympathies have been sounded, and their intricately complicated operations have been unfolded to the acute perceptions of the fair author before us. The promise of future excellence which her volume gives justifies us in pronouncing that if she will but bear in mind that merit, in order to thrive and come to perfection, must have great patience, she will yet stand second to none of the female writers of her age and country. She has powers of the highest order; and with her deep insight into the varied developments of human passions, her accurate discrimination of all the secret springs of human emotion, with her mastery over the mysterious economy of that sublimer portion of our nature in which the soul only is active, from which all our true feelings derive their tone and temperance, she may well rely upon her own resources. We would commend her to the study of the art of composition—not in rules or lectures, but in the calm yet fervent perusal of the masterpieces of our literature. She need not fear becoming an imitator—because she becomes an admirer—any more than a young painter need restrain himself from studying the old masters for his pencil should become that of a copyist. In no case can this occur where the mind possesses independent power—where it is the spirit rather than the mechanism that is examined—where there exists genuine ambition after excellence—and where the study is regarded as subservient to the progress of intellect rather than as a stepping stone to immediate effect. There are minds to which we could give directly contrary advice; but then they are minds already imbued with the knack, not to say vice, of imitation, that if admitted to the alleys of the seraphim they would, instead of being hushed and hallowed, instantly strike up caricatures on their own *Jews' Harp*.

Having said thus much in candid admiration of the real talents displayed in the construction and conduct of the story of which "The Lone Dove" is the heroine, and which, by-the-by, taken as a whole and as a mere story, is sadly broken into masses disjointed and fragmentary, and with here and there the decided appearance of incompleteness, we have less scruple in unbounding ourself of certain objections which weigh heavily upon our spirit, and which, we are to keep in mind the narrow chamber of our better judgment, might be attended with fatal results to our moral system.

In the first instance, we feel disposed to quarrel with Miss— (alas! we had nearly incurred the risk of a suit at law by divulging a name which must not be breathed above the threshold of the sacred temple of the sacred name) for having, although by no means deficient in moral beauty and abounding in stimulating interest, must have compelled her to beat the bush in the old literary preserves, where more searching eyes and surer hands had gone before her, in the hope of extracting originally from the materials which earlier artists had overlooked or laid aside. To do this successfully requires the art of the Shakespeare or a Scott, or at least the practiced skill of a Cooper; and it is no disparagement to the gifted authoress of the "Lone Dove" to say, that although she has a fine conception of character and a true eye for the picturesque—although her heart is alive to all emotions, whether of heroism or of pathos, of tenderness or of sorrow—she has not yet acquired the mastery of the pen which is necessary to penetrate into the enchanted grounds of the American wilderness, and to produce from thence those vivid, startling, and thrilling pictures of forest life, which are "Not the happy product of a day,"

but the well-ripened fruit of wise delay, and which have only been achieved by those who had garnered truth and knowledge in their souls, as the rods of the Hebrew high priests were up in the silent sanctity, until the appointed time the world felt the blessing, for they brought forth buds and bloomed blossoms and yielded fruit. The consequences of her not having been intimately conversant with the labyrinthine intricacies of her subject are visible in the occasional straggles after effect and the frequent introductions of mysterious agencies, which sometimes fall upon the eye too highly colored, and bear but a shadowy resemblance to their prototypes in real life, while there is an exaggeration of sentiment about them which would be absolutely intolerable but for the choice and beautiful language in which even the most objectionable peculiarities of the authoress are dressed up. This is particularly the case with the character of the "Lone Dove," who, although not strictly a child of the desert, has yet been sufficiently nursed in the manners of the wigwag to require more than an ordinary acquaintance with the habits and customs of the primitive Indians in order to render the development of her one more plausible and attractive, and not too startlingly at variance with the laws of probability. The

absence of verisimilitude is the great defect in the portraiture of this character; it abounds with a profusion of exquisite imagery and an infinite variety of lofty thoughts, which are clothed themselves, without any effort, it would seem, in a language of such effluence as if the authoress had written without either the fear of her own fancy or that of criticism before her. We would in all kindness advise her, however, to obtain as much as possible in future from such abstract speculations as she frequently indulges in when holding converse with her "spirit power;" for while we are not so fastidious as to object to incidental allusions to the nature of those faculties which, in their manifold operation, form at once the organ by which the sense of the true and the beautiful is impressed and received, yet in a work of this description metaphysical rhapsodies and transcendental disquisitions are too apt to inebriate the understanding and counteract the legitimate effect which might otherwise be produced by elegance of diction, poetic fancy, graphic descriptions of scenery, and universal sympathy, with whatever is lofty and noble. We have now candidly stated what we considered to be the defects of this in many respects delightful volume; yet these are so overborne by its excellences as to appear like the few dark spots sometimes observable on the sun's disk, which are almost lost in the surrounding brightness. In conclusion, we would respectfully remind the authoress of the "Lone Dove" that the pursuit of letters is a noble pursuit, to be commenced and continued in a genuine and generous spirit. Let her, therefore, turn to the works of imagination that successive centuries have acknowledged perfect in their kind; let her remember that their authors were not till time had knit their powers into mental webwork—ill knit even to their species, if not travel extended to many lands, had crowned their reading with experience—had united reflection to native wit, and placed the sceptre of philosophy in the hand of genius. Such review may for a time disquiet her; but possessed as she undoubtedly is of a genuine intellectual enthusiasm, she will take courage and go forward. A divine thirst for knowledge, a passion perfecting and furnishing her mind, a delicate reverence for all goodness and all wisdom, a walking as in white raiment, a composed yet fervent and courageous spirit, will mark her career; and her coronal—no matter whether of few or many leaves—will at last be twined of "Green strength, azure hope, and eternity." L. F. T.

## NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS, LITERATURE, AND THE FINE ARTS IN NEW YORK.

WRITTEN FOR THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 26, 1850.

The current of popular excitement is setting very strongly in a musical direction. In addition to the pre-eminent attraction of JENNY LIND, operatic novelties of the highest description are promised for the coming season, which, in their variety, will vie with the resources of London and Paris. A veteran New Yorker, who has wintered and summered in Broadway for half a century, and prides himself upon his Knickerbocker associations and his reminiscences of "fifty years ago," maintains that if we will wait long enough every thing that is worth having, and every body who is worth seeing or hearing in the Old World, will come over to New York. So far as the great lights of the musical world are concerned, his prediction appears to be speedily accomplishing itself. The lovers of music have nothing to complain of. They can now listen every evening in the week to the weird-like melodies of WEBER, the classic harmonies of ROSSINI, the high-wrought, soul-inspiring notes of BETHOVEN, or the simpler melodies to which JENNY LIND gives magical force and beauty by her marvellous powers of song, and sometimes in opera, sometimes in concert, as it happens to strike their fancy, enjoy entertainments which the most partial habitué of Continental opera houses would not venture to disparage. With the present associations Tripler Hall vies with La Scala, at Milan, or Les Italiens, at Paris.

Will any real increase of musical taste and appreciation be evolved from all this *furore* for opera and concert—with JENNY LIND on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, and PABLO on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays? Will the ears that have hitherto been deaf to the charms of music be suddenly unstopped? Will audiences grow critical and the community acquire a taste? Will New Yorkers become connoisseurs, so as to be able to hear the first false note and applaud the last unflattering trial? To my thinking no sound result will follow. Mr. BARRETT, the "guide, philosopher, and friend" of Jenny Lind, and Mr. MAX MARXER, the lessee of the Opera House, are not the pioneers of popular taste, but simply the caterers for the public amusement. They furnish a refined and intellectual species of entertainment, but also a fashionable one. Their appeal is not to the cognoscenti, but to the novelty-loving community. The audiences they collect do not represent the musical taste of the city; a very little leaven of such taste leavens the whole lump of listeners. The same people who went to the Box ball and the Fanny Kemble readings go to hear Jenny Lind; it is Macready's audience that welcomes Pardi.

I do not make these remarks as a patron or a frequenter of the opera, neither of which I am, but as an observer of the characteristics of our social system. It is absurd to suppose that in a city like New York, where business is the rule and pleasure the exception on the part of those persons who make up the controlling forces of society, the opera or musical performances of any kind can assume the rank which they hold in those Italian and other Continental capitals where people supply the place of regular occupation and more active vocations by dividing themselves into cliques and factions upon the merits of a Prima Donna, and make the theatre a rendezvous in lieu of the domestic circle. There it costs but twenty or thirty cents to go to the opera, and the whole society of the place by tacit consent and long usage acquiesces in making the opera the centre of social attraction. Under these circumstances it would be strange if the habit of criticism and appreciation were not formed; if long familiarity with the best style of musical art did not confer the faculty of discrimination. And so it is; precisely where the opera is most essentially a part of the routine of life you will find the most critical audiences. At Naples, for example, where polite society consists of cultivated *lazzaroni*, and where the false and rivalries of contending parties equal, on a small scale, the dimensions of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, the most fastidious of audiences is to be found. So fastidious that LACAZAR, as lately as 1845, was afraid to risk his long-worn laurels by appearing at *San Carlo*.

It is in this way that the Italians are musical and critical beyond all other people. There is a predisposition in their climate, manners, national traits, which fits them for this pre-eminence, and there is besides the social explanation I have given. Apart from a quick ear and a ready musical perception, there is not a great deal of cultivation in the art, as a general rule, to be found. It is a great mistake to suppose that Italy is peopled with *Grisis* and *Perinias*, or that the inhabitants generally have any thing more than "an ear," as it is termed, for music. I remember being once at a party in Rome where, out of two or three professed musicians, not one could play a quadrille, and a gentleman from Philadelphia was obliged to take their place at the piano. We overrate the appreciation of these compatriots of Rossini and Bellini. It is more than any thing else the appreciation of long habit combined with abundant leisure for its full development.

In New York there can neither be the habit nor the leisure. The opera may sustain itself as a pleasant place of resort, as a substitute for balls and parties, as a relaxation from the labors of the day; but for the formation of a musical taste you must sow the seeds elsewhere than in the hot-bed of an imported opera.

Something of the excitement occasioned by FANNY ELSSLER's campaign in the United States, of which the American public in general are heartily ashamed, was attempted to be revived for the benefit of Madlle NATALIE FITZ JAMES, who is to make her appearance as a danseuse and star of the ballet company, which is to serve as an adjunct to the opera. The connection between opera and ballet seems to be as well settled as the connection between tragedy and farce for the purposes of dramatic entertainments, or desert and dinner in the dietetic economy. But there is really no sufficient reason why the ballet, by common concession the most objectionable of all theatrical exhibitions,

should be tacked to the opera, which is the farthest removed from the ordinary evils of the Theatre. Now and then a TAGLIONI or a CERRITO, by astonishing displays of grace and marvellous agility, raises the ballet into an approach to the fine arts; at least, removes it from the reproach of simple indecency. But I know of no more pitiable sight than a corps of inferior ballet-dancers twisting, twirling, and posturing on the stage, vainly seeking for applause by displays of muscular exertion and personal charms, without the merit of grace or the attraction of modesty. The ballet, however, is the next step in the progress of New York refinement and cultivation *a la Parisienne*.

Another step in a similar direction, our New England friends will say, are Madame ANNA BISHOP's grand performance on Sunday evenings at Tripler Hall, where HANDEL and the "Mastaba" are substituted for WEBER and "Der Freyschütz," and under this thin veil of propriety the entertainments of ordinary evenings are kept up. Just as if the people who go would not prefer vastly, when once inside, that the notes of the orchestra should metamorphose themselves into the *libretto* of some favorite opera.

Yes, New York is growing daily more and more like Paris. Its decorated shop fronts imitate the *bourgeois* splendor of the *Palace Royal* and the *Boulevard*; its fashions are direct importations from the *Rue de la Paix*; its exaggerated conceits have their prototypes rampant in brighter wealth and more gorgeous amplitude of cravat in the *fiancé* of the Café Riché and other localities unknown to American readers; the Bowery B'hoys on the model of the *troupe gamin* de Paris. In habits of life, in the domestic economy of home, in the social ethics, we are fast working our way towards the standard of the "Capital of the World." Fortunately there is a conservative element in the good sense and sterling qualities of the Anglo-Saxon race which does not altogether die out in these encroachments of foreign influence.

Several notices of new books are crowded into my next letter.

JACQUES DE MONDE.

## NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

A Greek and English Lexicon of the New Testament, by EDWARD ROBINSON, D.D. LL.D., Harpers, New York.

Dr. ROBINSON is already known to the literary world as the author of the "Biblical Researches in Palestine," "The Harmony of the Four Gospels," and various translations from the German. We regard, however, this new edition of the *Lexicon* as his masterpiece, both in utility and erudition. The book had been already adopted in this country and in England, where it has wholly superseded PARKHURST, and where it is considered an indispensable chronometry for the Biblical student, and for promoting the cause of sacred learning and Christian piety.

It is well known to scholars that the Greek of the New Testament differs widely from the Attic, not so much in language as in phraseology and in the new shades of meaning given to Greek terms. Thus, *Pistis*, in the gospels, has no corresponding idea in classic Greek; so, in the Latin Vulgate, *fides* has a Christian, not a Roman meaning. Indeed, were Xenophon or Plato now to rise from Elysium, it may be doubted whether either would recognise his native language in the idiom of the New Testament; and, truth to say, the learned English divine, BLACKWELL, appears to have toiled to little purpose in the laudable attempt to institute a parallel between the diction of the Evangelists and that of refined Athens—

"—sanctis tantum exidit ausis."

As the Greek of the New Testament constitutes but a small part of the entire language, this *Lexicon*, of course, exhibits only one of the forms or phases of that noble tongue. The scope of the work embraces the etymology of each word, elucidated by the Greek, Hebrew, and Latin, together with a practical *concordance* in referring to every passage where the word is found, as also a *commentary* in explaining and interpreting difficult passages, far more valuable, because more exact, than the copious outpourings of Scott, Clarke, or the quaint volumes of Burdett.

The theological student who compares the English version with the original will find passages faulty, obscure, and inaccurate. *Askos*, for instance, in the text "no man putteth new wine into old bottles," signifies a *wine-skin*, such as is still used by the peasantry of Spain. And in the address of St. Paul to the Athenians, (Acts 17, verse 23,) the apostle is made to insult his polished audience by upbraiding them with superstition and ignorance, whereas, in the original, the skilled orator condescends his hearers by noticing their reverential piety, and avails himself of a local circumstance to introduce to their consideration that unknown God to whom they had erected an altar.

We hold, therefore, that no Protestant minister, engaged in expounding the Gospel to his hearers, should be content with the mere English version, nor with the conjectural glosses of wordy commentators, but that he be critically skilled in the original; and we know of no work more conducive to this end than the volume before us. Dr. Porteus, indeed, late Bishop of London, in his published notice to Candidates for the Ministry, insists on this qualification. "It is expected," says the Bishop, "that every gentleman who presents himself for ordination be competent to read and explain the text of the Greek Testament." Highly, however, as we prize biblical learning and critical exegesis, we value at a still higher price Christian charity; and therefore do we deprecate all controversy from the pulpit. Correct taste and a sense of justice should exclude such topics from the sacred desk, where the right of explaining or refuting an imputed tenet is denied to an opponent. We have in our time been regaled, ex-cathedra, with eloquent diatribes on the errors of popery and the absurdities of its doctrines. In these discourses the complacent triumph of the orator and the sympathetic pride of his hearers would seem to breathe any thing but love for our neighbor. To gentlemen ardent for the laurels of controversy, we would recommend, by way of *sedative*, a patient search in their *Urquhart* Testament for the noun to which *Touto* refers, in the 16th verse of the 26th chapter of St. Matthew, and in the 23rd verse of the 14th chapter of St. Mark. The process may damp their rhetoric, but will assuredly improve their logic.

With Professor ROBINSON we have not the honor to be personally acquainted; but, by his works, we conceive of him as of the amiable ERASMUS—deep in Hebrew, in Greek, and in Latin, deriving the flower of his days to the study and the elucidation of the Sacred Scriptures. We trust the parallel may be extended, and that, like the illustrious priest, his grateful countrymen may erect to his virtues a posthumous statue in the heart of his native city.

Q.

The *Lexicon* is for sale by Taylor & Maury, Washington.

## FIRST CANAL BOAT FROM CUMBERLAND.

An incident has just occurred in the history of our city which has looked forward to with hope and anxiety by our citizens for almost a quarter of a century, and yet it is suffered to "overcome us like a summer cloud, without our special wonder." The first boat laden with coal has reached the city, direct from Cumberland! Who that was present can ever forget the scene that took place on the 4th of July, 1828, when then Chief Magistrate of the Republic "broke ground" on the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, amid the pomp and circumstance of a splendid civic festival, all the pomp and enthusiasm with which our then worthy Mayor (who never does any thing by halves) entered into the matter, determined to make the display worthy of the occasion. And so it was. The glorious work, commenced under such favorable auspices, after encountering and surmounting numerous difficulties, is consummated. All the anticipations in which we then indulged are about to be realized—a vast and exhaustless source of wealth and prosperity is at last opened to us; and yet we hail its advent with no rejoicings, and welcome the event with no shout of joy. On the contrary, the ultimate completion of a great work

which we have so long felt the deepest interest has found us utterly unprepared to reap the advantages which might reasonably have been expected to flow from it. The outlet of the canal at Georgetown it was a misnomer to call a basin, for it is a dry land; our city canal is but little better, and not in a navigable condition; and thus, after the early, uniform, and constant support which the city has given to the great work, its citizens, it would seem, are to calmly look on, while its chief benefits are to ensue to others.

## THE SOUTH CAROLINA THANKSGIVING.

MEANS, EDITORS: I read in the papers that the Governors of South Carolina has issued his proclamation appointing a day of Thanksgiving to be observed in that State. We rejoice to see an example set by our Southern brethren followed with so pious a spirit by our brethren the Cavaliers. It cannot be but gratifying to the numerous descendants of the Huguenots who compose so large and so respectable a portion of the people of that gallant and patriotic State. I have not seen the proclamation; but it is not difficult to conjecture some of the topics that must naturally have suggested themselves to the enlightened mind of Governor SARGENT, under the existing state of things. I presume that the State paper would naturally commence with a congratulatory reference to the enjoyment of health during the past year, a rich blessing, and one too apt to be habitually forgotten. The abundant fruits of the earth would very properly follow, and then would come, in graceful and appropriate order, the blessing of peace—peace abroad and peace at home. With what force must not the exhortation have proceeded from the lips of the worthy Chief Magistrate to render fervent thanks to the Almighty that all attempts to disturb the harmony so happily prevailing among the States of this Confederacy have as yet failed to signal a defeat. Domestic peace is a blessing so inestimable, and the existence of civil war an evil so fraught with accumulated horrors, that the Governor, as a true son of Carolina, must feel his bosom glow while dilating on the obligation of gratitude to Heaven for our escape from so terrible a calamity. In connection with this subject would be associated the recollection of the decease of her distinguished statesman, and the influence of that event in strengthening the hope of the darling vision of her statesmen, the formation of a Southern Confederacy. Doubtless he renders fervent thanksgiving for the last State paper which proceeded from his hands, and for its healing effect on the stripes which have unhappily rent our country. True, there is a dash of address in the thought that some Southern projects and policy have lost the active participation of so great a mind, and that his voice and his example can no longer cheer on the band of patriots who are seeking with such unvaried assiduity the best good of their country, of their whole country. But it is a matter never enough to be remembered with gratitude, that if a CALHOUN sleeps with his fathers a HART yet survives to calm the troubled waters of political agitation, and to recommend with all his commanding influence a dissolution of the Union! Another fruitful topic for the gubernatorial discourse is found in the Southern Convention. Is it not a rich subject for thanksgiving that within the brief period of the existence of our Federal Union the country has been privileged to see two such pure, moderate, peaceful, patriotic bodies as the two Conventions of Hartford and of Nashville? And yet more, that the success which has crowned the efforts of both has elicited such a burst of the public admiration and gratitude? The worthy Governor has no doubt excited his fellow-citizens to gratitude for the perfect unanimity with which the lead of his State has been followed by the entire South. Ought they not to be thankful to Heaven that on all the topics which have shaken the National Councils the Southern sentiment has been one and her voice one? That all her presses speak with one tongue, and all her sons stand shoulder to shoulder in resisting Federal law and bidding defiance to Federal authority. He gives thanks, beyond a doubt, for the compromise, and all his happy recollections, in awakening one general sentiment of Abolition and of gratitude to Heaven for the St. Croix. And then those bonds of near alliance, those strict fraternal ties with the ultra fanatics of the North, which bring GARRISON and RANTZ in so close juxtaposition in the common, the sacred cause of disunion! What an incentive to Southern minds is this to kindle the flame at once of love to the Abolitionists and of gratitude to Heaven!

long to see the document. I anticipate a rich treat, and hope for much spiritual edification to boot from its perusal. I hope to find that the good Governor has not let slip an item for the new custom-house at Charleston. But let us see the proclamation. Give it, give it to us Messrs. Editors, and let us possess it without note or comment. JACOB THANKFUL.

## TO THE EDITORS.

GENTLEMEN: My attention has been called to an article on Hayti in the Boston Journal of the 28th instant, (copied into the New York Tribune of the 30th,) in which the editor says, on the authority of a Haytian citizen now on a visit to this country—

"The conduct of our Commissioner, Mr. Green, who was recently sent there to adjust certain difficulties, was such as to prejudice the people against this country and Government. His bearing towards the Emperor is described as being ungentlemanly and insolent, such as gave great offence, and reflected dishonor on the Government whose accredited agent he was."

Unwilling to anticipate the action of the Executive, which has not yet made public the result of my mission to Hayti, I have heretofore avoided making any communication to the press in relation to the state of things in that island, although I deem it very important that public attention should be called to it.

But the above attack upon me, circulated by journals of respectability, makes it proper that I should request you to publish this letter, denying that there was any thing in my department to the Emperor at which he or his friends could rightfully take offence. On the contrary, I treated all the authorities of the island with marked courtesy and respect, hoping thereby to produce a better feeling towards our citizens who trade there, and to remove some portion of that ill-will towards all white men, and especially to Americans, which has given rise to outrages on American citizens, to demand indemnity for which was one of the chief objects of my visit to Port au Prince. That indemnity I demanded, as required by my instructions; but not in a manner to give any cause of offence, or to reflect any dishonor on my Government. I have the satisfaction of knowing that my conduct received the hearty approbation of those who selected me for this very delicate business, and that the results of my mission, in arranging for the recognition of our commercial agents and in procuring the remission of the ten per cent. additional duty previously imposed on our vessels and cargoes, far exceeded their expectations.

If any thing in my conduct gave offence to the Emperor or his subjects, it was my efforts to produce a pacification of the island, and the protest which I presented against his using the money, justly due and long withheld from our citizens, in a war of extermination on the whites of the eastern or Dominican end of the island. In this my conduct was approved, not only by my own Government, but also by England and France, which subsequently instructed their respective consuls to follow my example and protest against the further prosecution of the war. A Boston merchant residing in Port au Prince, in a letter recently addressed to me, says:

"Should the Dominicans be subdued, the Haytiens will not be satisfied. All they are nearly or quite exterminated. Cruelties will be practiced, should this wicked war now proceed, such as have not been recorded since the days of carnage and rapine during the insurrection on this island in 1791 and '92."

"For the cause of humanity it is earnestly to be hoped that the United States Government will take some measures to prevent the further wicked and unjustifiable hostilities against the Dominicans. Souloque is determined to march, if he is not prevented. If you still feel interest in the matter, more soon, or it may be too late if long delayed."

Besides the very strongly worded assaults upon me, the editor of the Boston Journal has been led into other erroneous statements as to the present condition of Hayti, upon which I need only remark that they are made on the authority of "a gentleman of Port au Prince," who is probably an agent of the Emperor Souloque, sent to prevent or retard any action of our Government which might interfere with his contemplated massacre of the whites of the Dominican end of the island. Your obedient servant,

BENJAMIN E. GREEN.

## AGRICULTURAL GEOLOGY.—No. IV.

BY JONAS HUBBARD.

### FOR THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.

Feldspar is composed of four oxides—silica, alumina, or clay, iron, and potash; silica predominates. Of quartz, in all its varieties, it is almost the entire element; of feldspar, it is the principal; aluminous or clay soils contain frequently twice as much silica as alumina; the quantity of iron and potash in feldspar is small, not often over two or three per cent.

It appears then that sand is composed of two oxides, or chemical combinations, again combined by the same agency. Feldspar or clay is composed of four oxides, also combined by chemical affinity, to form a compound still more complex than quartz or sand. The quartz and feldspar are combined by a mechanical mixture to form rocks and soils.

It hence follows that, in these two principal elements of soils, quartz and feldspar, or sand and clay, are not less than six combinations of ultimate principles, or oxygen and metals, all by chemical affinity, and two combinations at least of those compounds forming those two elements. These six chemical compounds, again compounded by chemical agency, are then united by mechanical mixtures to form rocks and soils.

Quartz and feldspar are not only the essential elements of soils, but also among the most important materials in the arts of civilization. The principal material of glass is quartz; that of porcelain, feldspar. The presence of potash, soda, or some alkaline substance acting as a flux, is indispensable in the manufacturing of each of these important articles of domestic economy.

After performing the important agency of producing vegetation—of course furnishing our wheat, corn, our beef, and our pork—quartz of a porous character constitutes the French burr, for changing grains into flour. Pulverized quartz, cemented by iron into sandstones, forms our grindstones, for sharpening the axes and chisels of the mechanic and the knives and scissors of the housekeeper. For some animals it is essential to the process of digestion; fowls cannot live without it.

Every thing, animate and inanimate; every product of nature and of art; every human being in every position and condition of life—the sturdy farmer, the busy mechanic, the industrious housekeeper, the delicate refined lady, the polished gentleman, the enlightened teacher, the wise statesman, and the noisy politician; in a word, every thing which has physical existence, bears witness testimony to the necessity of this important element of mountains, rocks, and soils of quartz, sand—"a common stone."

Experiment: Shake a tumbler, containing a little newly slaked lime and some water, let the tumbler stand till the lime settles and the water becomes clear; pour the water into another tumbler and blow into it air from the lungs through a quill or pipistem; the clear water becomes turbid with white flakes or a sediment, by the carbonic acid from the lungs uniting with the lime in the water, forming the carbonate of lime.

## WASHINGTON NATIONAL MONUMENT OFFICE.

November 1st, 1850.

Contributions received at this Office, for the month of October, from Corporations, Masonic Order, I. O. O. F., Sons of Temperance, Fourth of July collections, Schools, &c.: First instalments of appropriation of Corporation of Washington \$500 00

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